

CHARIVARIA.

SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE has decided to take the title of Lord Sydenham. An attempt will no doubt be made to sell him the Crystal Palace as a residence worthy of his new dignity.

It is thought that the decision of the Royal Geographical Society in regard to the admission of women as members may have the result of turning the attention of an increased number of women to the study of geography. We fancy, however, that they will still ask the way of good-looking policemen.

It has been discovered that big game in Central Africa nourish the organisms that are the cause of sleeping sickness. A number of notices bearing the words "Kill that Lion!" are to be sent out at once, and a charitable lady has, we hear, offered to provide 20,000 fly papers of an extra-large size.

Nearly forty cheeses, weighing together more than a ton, and valued at over £2 each, were stolen last week from a wholesale storehouse in Oakley Street, Lambeth. There were signs that some of them had not surrendered until after a plucky struggle.

The lengths to which some persons will go in sacrificing themselves for the amusement of others is amazing. One of the guests at a party at Kettering, in endeavouring, last week, to blow out a candle blindfolded, burned off half his moustache.

A Melbourne baker claims to have discovered a liquid compound which, if applied to a loaf of bread three or four days old, will restore all its original freshness. By the by, we believe it is not generally known that a thin coating of brown boot polish will convert a slightly soiled white loaf into an attractive-looking whole-meal loaf.

"There is no ideal girl," says Mr. SANDOW. In view of this definite pronouncement it is thought that many gentlemen will now give up the fruitless search.

Of the Sydney Edition of *Bacon's Essays* a contemporary remarks:—"In its buckram covers and general

appearance this edition surpasses every edition that we remember at this price." As the price is the unusual one of six shillings net, this notice is not quite so handsome as it sounds.

A number of inmates of the prison hotel at Parkhurst, who took part in the recent disturbances there, have been sent back to Portland. They are said to be extremely annoyed at this. They had hoped that they would merely be expelled with ignominy and that His Majesty's Government would refuse to have anything more to do with



Rustic Passenger (as express dashes by). "BY GUM, THAT WERE A NEAR SHAVE!"

persons who take an unfair advantage of their hospitality.

Last week, apparently, if one had kept one's eyes open, one would have seen at every street corner little groups of citizens discussing an alarming report—for, says *The Observer*, "The rumour that A. W. Gamage, Ltd., supply only the Gamage Motor Tyre is not correct." Who, we wonder, is responsible for starting these wicked canards?

"Young lambs are very prolific in St. Erth district already."—*Hayle Mail*.

We confess that we cannot approve of this precocity. In any case we think that these young mothers would have been better advised to wait for the Government's maternity benefit.

TO AN ELDERLY FEMALE.

(A January Idyll.)

In the January chill
I beheld you on the hill,
O most angular old Jill,
Tall and gaunt;
Unapproachable and prude,
With a face of Don't Intrude,
And a general attitude
Of Avaunt!

By a mincing step and stiff,
By a short and tentative
And most disapproving sniff

Now and then,
By a prim, tea-party air
And a penetrating stare,
I could tell you couldn't bear
"Hateful men!"

Elegant, if ancient wreck,
How that mincing gait found
check,
How you slewed that scrawny
neck

With a twist,
Startled, yes, but still refined!
Then you ambled up the wind,
Yeld and venerable hind
That I missed!

The Line of Least Resistance.

THE waiter, in wishing me good morning, remarked that the day was much colder. I had as a matter of fact thought it particularly close and muggy, but I agreed with him.

At the cloak-room, where a man, at a daily remuneration of sixpence, takes charge of a hat and coat that would repose on a chair beside me for nothing had I any courage, I was told that the weather seemed much more promising; and again I agreed, although I had no such belief.

Finally, the splendid creature who, in return for more money, blows the whistle once for a cab for me, said that it was a nice day on the whole; and once more I agreed.

But what I want to know is, what does the Recording Angel do about this kind of thing?

"Madame Butt's majestic stature appealed to critics hardly less powerfully than her voice."—*New York Correspondent of "Daily Telegraph."*

At this rate of computation what would LITTLE TICH be worth? A threepenny bit?

"Charge of Robbing a Solicitor."—*Times*. Difficulty has always been the whetstone of enterprise.

THE GREAT TWIN TERRORS.

"Tory Members are trembling before the remorseless propaganda, the unerring arithmetic, of Mr. Chiozza Money and Sir Alfred Mond."—P. W. W. in "The Daily News and Leader."

WHENCE comes this pallor which bedims
The Tory Party's sanguine faces?
Who puts the palsy in our limbs,
As when a cobra's fierce grimaces
Reduce to pulp the paralytic bunny?
It is the leonine CHIOZZA MONEY.

Who is the other terror? Who
The basilisk that makes us shiver
Turning our red corpuscles blue,
Setting our marrow-bones a-quiver,
Causing a kind of hiccup in the heart?
It is Sir ALFRED MOND, the gifted Bart.

And if you care to call in doubt
The wiles of these astounding wizards;
If you would know some more about
Their power to petrify our gizzards;
With my inspired authority I'll trouble you—
It is the trusty scribe, P. double W.

'Twas he from whom I heard the trick
That makes them such a pair of wonders:
He says it's their arithmetic
Which absolutely *never* blunders;
Ask them, if proof you want, to say at sight
How many beans make five—they're always right.

'Tis this that puts us in the soup,
A wriggling mass of vermicelli;
By this they catch us when we stoop
So that we tremble like a jelly,
Because we cannot cope with men of lore
Who see at once that two and two are four.

They know addition, oh, and lots
Of darker matters; they define us
The meaning of those "little dots,"
And cryptic things like + and -;
They even do their sums (or so 'tis said)
Not on the fingers, but inside the head!

Deadly at economics, they
Can tell by lightning calculations
The blow that threatens, some fine day,
To knock the Tariff-ridden nations;
Nor, on the Free Food stump, can hecklers stand a
Moment against their ruthless propaganda.

In lurid lights, that leave us dumb,
They paint the ruin, swift and heavy,
Of those who tax the People's tum,
Barring, of course, the Liberal levy
(A little thing, a mere ten million touch)
On currants, coffee, cocoa, tea and such.

But we, a trembling chicken-brood,
We dare not say we find it funny
That Liberal taxes laid on food
Are naught to MOND and nil to MONEY;
And, after all, a mere ten million—what's a
Trifle like that to ALFRED or CHIOZZA?

O. S.

Extract from *The Nervous System of Vertebrates*:—

"There is no such thing as a pars supraneuroporica of the lamina terminalis."

Personally we never said there was.

OUR COURTSHIP COLUMN.

EVERYBODY'S AUNT EMMA.

By all means, Jemima, make it up with your William. No one is perfect, and we all lose our tempers at times. Besides, you say the boot did not actually hit you, and you can easily get a new chandelier. Do you think he can have been anticipating in a clumsy and indirect fashion the custom of throwing a shoe after the wedding carriage? In any case make him a present, as you suggest, as a sign of forgiveness; a pair of very soft bedroom slippers would be a thoughtful gift.

Lucy is engaged to a man who is most high-minded and honourable, but unfortunately he is not clever and he has very little hair on his head. Still, I think she had better stick to him. There are many preparations for the hair (see our advertisement columns), and many great men have been bald, e.g., CÆSAR and Fra LIPPO LIPPI. As to cleverness, that is not everything. The poet says, "Be good, sweet maid," and it is better to meet nice people, even if they are rather bores, than to be robbed by a witty dramatist or bludgeoned by a thoughtful poet.

I am at a loss, my dear Mary, to know what to say to you. Yours is a most distressing case. Use all your womanly tact and perhaps you will reclaim him. Next time he wants to enter a picture palace draw him aside, saying, "Come, Walter, I see a dog-fight at the other end of the street."

Philip thinks he has been very clever, but he has not; he has done a cruel unkind thing. It is not merely the crockery; hearts are broken by acting in that way.

You were quite right, Lily. A man who could behave like that is unworthy of any affection, let alone a consuming passion such as you describe yours to be. When next he calls, summon him to that latticed window of which you speak so feelingly, and empty a jug of cold water over him. If he remonstrates you might reply with some little badinage, as for example, "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." Then close the window and retire to rest.

Your heart is not touched, Amelia, but I think you are a little bit wrong in the head.

I can quite understand, Constantia, that you miss the visits of your Henry. His eyes must have been excessively blue. But his habit of imitating a green parrot no doubt grew tiring and, as you say his income is so small, I feel certain that your heart cannot really have been touched. If Percy's diamonds are genuine (and a visit to the nearest jeweller will settle this point) I think I would forget Henry. But you must be very careful not to display anything like a mercenary spirit, for there is nothing that the rich dislike so much.

I should advise Clara to see a beauty specialist. Hers is a most distressing face.

"Contemplating the eyes of this woman, one thought of elemental passions. If the eyes were her great feature, the mouth gave more key to her true self. The short upper lip curled outward enough to make visible a shadowy line above itself, when the light came upwards to her face. The skin over the eyeteeth showed that slight fulness indicative of animalism."—"Bystander" *Short Story*.
The sort of woman one escapes from by the skin of her eyeteeth.

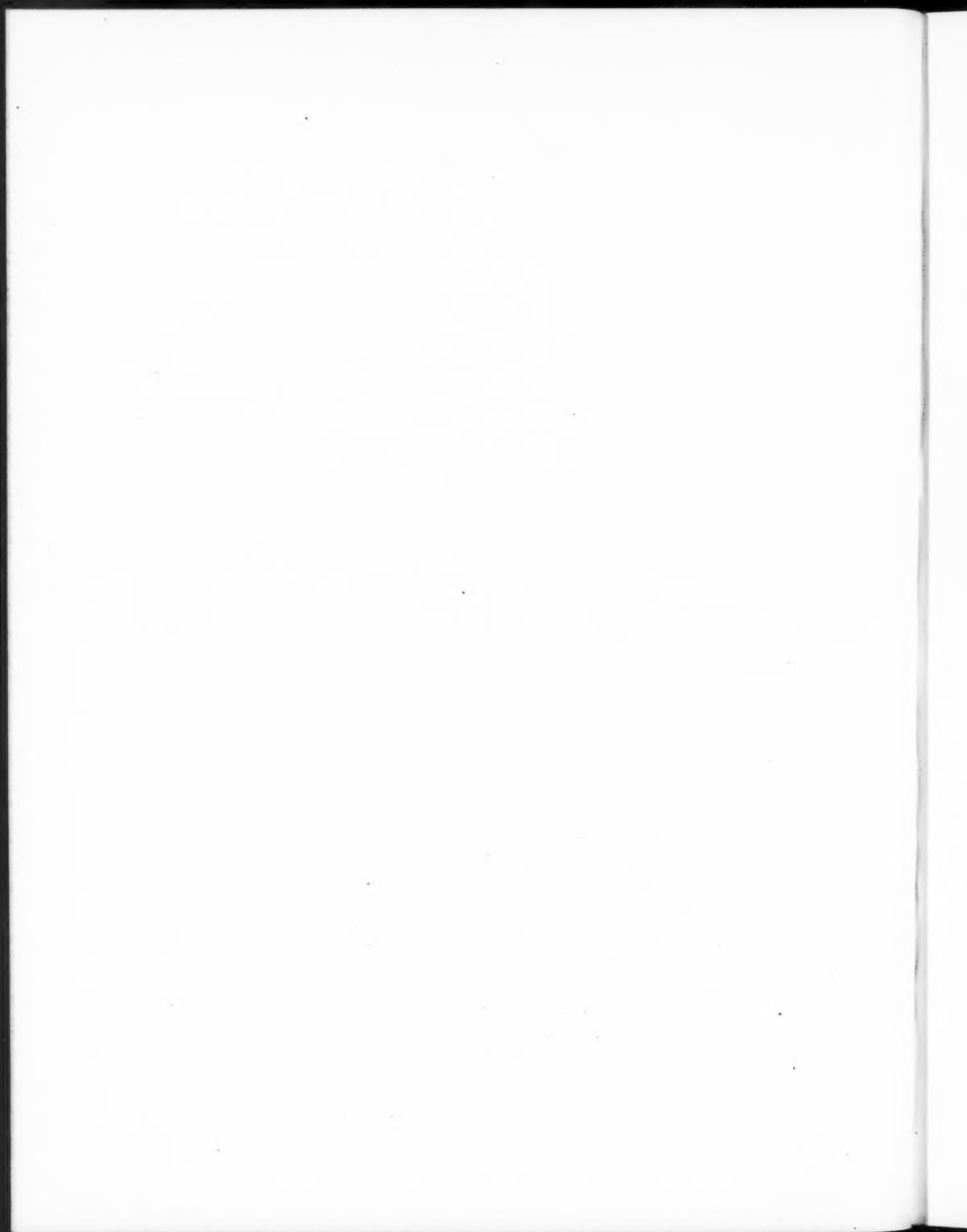
"The macaw of British Honduras says a lecturer resembles many people in wearing fine clothes, making a great noise, and in being good for nothing else."—*Evening News*.
A caustic bird, the macaw.



THE SWAN-SONG.

PRESIDENT TAFT (*singing*). "ARBITRATION I ADORE,
SOMETIMES LESS AND SOMETIMES MORE.
IF YOU LOVE YOUR DYING SWAN,
KEEP IT UP WHEN HE IS GONE."

[PRESIDENT TAFT, after proposing to repudiate the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, has at last, within a few weeks of the close of his term of office, lifted up his voice in favour of a sort of arbitration on the Panama tolls.]





"WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT AN INSURANCE ACT? HAVE TO LICK STAMPS OR SOMETHIN', WHAT?"
 "DON'T KNOW, OLD THING. SEEMS TO HAVE BLOWN OVER."

MILLENNIAL MEETINGS.

STIMULATED by the example of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in his *pronunciamento*, "1913," in *The English Review*, several of our leading publicists have delivered themselves on the subject of Anglo-German relations, and the best way of promoting the peace of Europe.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, speaking at the annual meeting of the Baconian Society last Friday, observed that they lived in stirring times. He was, however, hopeful, nay sanguine, that peace would be preserved if the legitimate aspirations of Germany could be reconciled with a due regard for our own Imperial obligations. Personally he had no doubt whatever that this could be done easily on the basis of a simple deal. Let Germany take SHAKESPEARE (giving us LUTHER in exchange) while we kept BACON. He felt convinced that she would acquiesce in an arrangement so fraught with pacific possibilities. Germany would save her face, and we would save our BACON. (Great applause.)

The Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX, who was the principal guest at the

quinquennial banquet of the Rochester Revolver Club, adumbrated a remarkable scheme for maintaining the inter-dynastic relations of Europe on a harmonious basis. He proposed a Conference of Crowned Heads to be held in the Republic of San Marino, before which he was prepared to submit his plan of settling all international disputes by reference to an official, to be called the Cosmic Conciliator, who should be elected by the assembled Sovereigns and hold office for life. If the choice fell upon himself, as he had good ground for believing it might, he would not shirk the responsibilities of the post or fail to deal faithfully with recalcitrant potentates.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the famous conductor, fresh from his triumphs in Germany, addressed a meeting of musicians at Finsbury Park last Saturday evening. He said that the treatment of German bands was the only outstanding question between the two countries. He had begun to conduct overtures with Sir EDWARD CARSON with a view to their establishment in Ulster under Home Rule in case his efforts to secure their repatriation failed.

Sir WILLIAM BYLES, M.P., who presided at an extraordinary meeting of the Bradford Branch of the Mad Mullah Protection League, criticised Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's proposal to surrender various portions of the Empire as timid and half-hearted. It was no good giving up Egypt, Malta and Gibraltar unless we also decided to give back India to the Indians and Australia to the aborigines. In view of the GERMAN EMPEROR's fondness for yachting, Sir WILLIAM added that it would be a gracious as well as politic act to present him with the Isle of Wight as a summer residence.

The Suicide Club.

"BIG DYERS' STRIKE."

5000 OPERATIVES GIVE NOTICE TO EXPIRE IN A WEEK."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

"Many a wintry wind this fine old tower has defied, the scorching sun has shone its rays on its four sides for centuries."

Bury Post.

No need to bother about a south aspect here. The north is as good as any of them.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VIII. (and Last).—THE EXPLORER.

As the evening wore on—and one young man after another asked Jocelyn Montrevor if she were going to Ascot, what? or to Henley, what? or what?—she wondered more and more if this were all that life would ever hold for her. Would she never meet a man, a real man who had *done* something? These boys around her were very pleasant, she admitted to herself; very useful, indeed, she added, as one approached her with some refreshment; but they were only boys.

"Here you are," said Freddy, handing her an ice in three colours. "I've had it made specially cold for you. They only had the green, pink and yellow jerseys left; I hope you don't mind. The green part is arsenic, I believe. If you don't want the wafer I'll take it home and put it between the sashes of my bedroom window. The rattling kept me awake all last night. That's why I'm looking so ill, by-the-way."

Jocelyn smiled kindly and went on with her ice.

"That reminds me," Freddy went on, "we've got a nut here to-night. The genuine thing. None of your society Barcelonas or suburban Filberts. One of the real Cob family; the driving-from-the-sixth-tee, inset-on-the-right and New-Year's-message-to-the-country touch. In short, a celebrity."

"Who?" asked Jocelyn eagerly. Perhaps here was a man.

"Worrall Brice, the explorer. Don't say you haven't heard of him or Aunt Alice will cry."

Heard of him? Of course she had heard of him. Who hadn't?

Worrall Brice's adventures in distant parts of the empire would have filled a book—had, in fact, already filled three. A glance at his flat in St. James's Street gave you some idea of the adventures he had been through. Here were the polished spurs of his companion in the famous ride through Australia from south to north—all that had been left by the cannibals of the Wogga-Wogga River after their banquet. Here was the poisoned arrow which, by the merciful intervention of Providence, just missed Worrall and pierced the heart of one of his black attendants, the *post-mortem* happily revealing the presence of a new and interesting poison. Here, again, was the rope with which he was hanged by mistake as a spy in South America—a mistake which would certainly have had fatal results if he had not had the presence of mind to hold his breath during the performance. In yet another corner you might see his favourite mascot—a tooth of the shark

which bit him off the coast of China. Spears, knives and guns lined the walls; every inch of the floor was covered by skins. His flat was typical of the man—a man who had *done* things.

"Introduce him to me," commanded Jocelyn. "Where is he?"

She looked up suddenly and saw him entering the ball-room. He was of commanding height and his face was the face of the man who has been exposed to the forces of Nature. The wind, the waves, the sun, the mosquito had set their mark upon him. Down one side of his cheek was a newly-healed scar, a scratch from a hippopotamus in its last death-struggle. A legacy from a bison seared his brow.

He walked with the soft easy tread of the python, or the Pathan, or some animal with a "pth" in it. Probably I mean the panther. He bore himself confidently, and his mouth was a trap from which no superfluous word escaped. He was the strong silent man of Jocelyn's dreams.

"Mr. Worrall Brice, Miss Montrevor," said Freddy, and left them.

Worrall Brice bowed and stood beside her with folded arms, his gaze fixed above her head.

"I shall not expect you to dance," said Jocelyn, with a confidential smile which implied that he and she were above such frivolities. As a matter of fact, he could have taught her the Wogga-Wogga one-step, the Bimbo, the Kiyi, the Ju-bu, the Head-hunter's Hug and many other cannibalistic steps which, later on, were to become the rage of London and the basis of a *revue*.

"I have often imagined you, as you kept watch over your camp," she went on, "and I have seemed myself to hear the savages and lions roaring outside the circle of fire, what time in the swamps the crocodiles were barking."

"Yes," he said.

"It must be a wonderful life."

"Yes."

"If I were a man I should want to lead such a life; to get away from all this," and she waved her hand round the room, "back to Nature. To know that I could not eat until I had first killed my dinner; that I could not live unless I slew the enemy! That must be fine!"

"Yes," said Worrall.

"I cannot get Freddy to see it. He is quite content to have shot a few grouse . . . and once to have wounded a beater. There must be more in life than that."

"Yes."

"I suppose I am elemental. Beneath the veneer of civilisation I am a savage. To wake up with the war-cry of the enemy in my ears, to sleep with the—

er—barking of the crocodile in my dreams, that is life!"

Worrall Brice tugged at his moustache and gazed into space over her head. Then he spoke.

"Crocodiles don't bark," he said.

Jocelyn looked at him in astonishment. "But in your book, *Through Trackless Paths!*" she cried. "I know it almost by heart. It was you who taught me. What are the beautiful words? 'On the banks of the sleepy river two great crocodiles were barking.'"

"Not 'barking,'" said Worrall. "'Basking.' It was a misprint."

"Oh!" said Jocelyn. She had a moment's awful memory of all the occasions when she had insisted that crocodiles barked. There had been a particularly fierce argument with Meta Richards, who had refused to weigh even the printed word of Worrall Brice against the silence of the Reptile House on her last visit to the Zoo.

"Well," smiled Jocelyn, "you must teach me about these things. Will you come and see me?"

"Yes," said Worrall. He rather liked to stand and gaze into the distance while pretty women talked to him. And Jocelyn was very pretty.

"We live in South Kensington. Come on Sunday, won't you? 99, Peele Crescent."

"Yes," said Worrall.

On Sunday Jocelyn waited eagerly for him in the drawing-room of Peele Crescent. Her father was asleep in the library, her mother was dead; so she would have the great man to herself for an afternoon. Later she would have him for always, for she meant to marry him. And when they were married she was not so sure that they would live with the noise of the crocodile barking or coughing, or whatever it did, in their ears. She saw herself in that little house in Green Street with the noise of motor-horns and taxi-whistles to soothe her to sleep.

Yet what a man he was! What had he said to her? She went over all his words. . . . They were not many.

At six o'clock she was still waiting in the drawing-room at Peele Crescent . . .

At six-thirty Worrall Brice had got as far as Peele Place . . .

At six-forty-five he was back in Radcliffe Square again . . .

At seven o'clock, just as he was giving himself up for lost, he met a taxi and returned to St. James's Street. He was a great traveller, but South Kensington had been too much for him.

Next week he went back unmarried to the jungle. It was the narrowest escape he had had. And he would have hated Green Street.

A. A. M.

HULLO, WALTZ-TIME!

THE Great Central Hall of the Hop Market was the scene, on Monday last, of a remarkable meeting, convened by the Society for Promoting Graceful Deportment, and presided over by Mr. Cecil Ffoulke-Loring, the famous terpsichorean professor, with a view to reviving the famous Old English dances associated with the Merrie England of the past.

Before addressing the meeting, Professor Ffoulke-Loring read letters and telegrams from several distinguished sympathisers with the movement.

Lord CURZON wrote: "I cordially approve of the aim of the meeting. Decorum is the inalienable heritage of the British race, though the exhibitions witnessed in modern ball-rooms suggest that we have exchanged the cult of Terpsichore for that of St. Vitus. It should be our duty to call in the Old World to redress the outrages of the New."

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE telegraphed: "Am with you heart and sole."

Mr. FILSON YOUNG wrote: "Modern life is sadly lacking in dignity and distinction, and it is strange to note in persons of birth and breeding a tendency to relapse, in moments of exhilaration, to the simian contortions of the primitive savage. Any effort to combat this retrograde tendency will receive my most cordial and italic support."

Professor Ffoulke-Loring, who was very heartily received, drew the attention of his audience to the circumstance that unless steps were at once taken there was every danger of certain of the dances to which the feet of our ancestors and ancestresses kept happy time remaining for ever in the oblivion in which they were now buried. This would be a very regrettable calamity. Records of the past told him that the waltz, the polka and the lancers were once ingredients of the life of Merrie England, and he had himself conversed with persons who could recall these measures and the pleasure they had taken in footing them. At a house in Mayfair he had found a comely lady of forty who distinctly recollected waltzing (as it was called) at a ball in London. There was nothing, she was convinced, in the rag-time dances of the present—the Hugs and Trots and Cuddles and Strangles and Tangos—which could compare with the waltz for enjoyment.

He had discovered, the Professor continued, that musicians had existed who wrote nothing but music for this particular dance, and in Vienna, which he had recently visited, there were persons still true to it. It was indeed from the



Maid. "YES, MUM; AND SHE WALKS OUT REGULAR AT NIGHTS WITH MR. BROWN, THE BUTCHER, AND EVEN TAKES 'IS ARM; AN' MR. BROWN'S A MARRIED MAN, AN' SHE KNOWS IT AND 'E KNOWS IT, TOO."

notes which he had taken in Vienna that he hoped to reconstruct the waltz for the purposes of their Society.

As to his adventures in search of the correct steps of the other obsolete dances which he had mentioned—the polka and the lancers—he would at the present moment say nothing.

What was very strongly felt, both by himself and his committee, was that, if only a few negroes could be induced to take them up, all these dances would instantly be received into favour by the Smart Set of England and their prosperity be assured.

Mr. Ffoulke-Loring then read the list of subscriptions towards the great work to which he had set his hand, including £50, ear-marked for waltzing reconstruction, from Messrs. Giddy and Giddy. He had also had a promise of support from the well-known pugilist and bridegroom, Mr. JACK JOHNSON. (Great enthusiasm.)

A resolution in favour of urging the Government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the Decadence of Dancing having been unanimously passed, the meeting broke up to the strains of the "Mabel" Waltz.

A FLUTTER ON THE FLAT.

WHEN we were married, Elmira's aunt gave us a picture of JONAH and the Whale, and after considerable discussion we decided to hang it in the bathroom. There is nothing indelicate about the work—if you knew Elmira's aunt you would be quite certain of that—and indeed it is difficult to be sure what precise moment in the Scriptural drama the artist endeavoured to seize. The prophet is fully clothed, and there is a kindly, almost quizzical expression on the face of the sea-monster. Neither of us, Elmira nor I, considers the thing very beautiful, and, except when Miss Tompkinson seemed likely to call, we felt that the bathroom was the most suitable home for it. It hangs just over the geyser and looks, I think, rather well.

At four o'clock last Thursday afternoon the dreaded event happened, and, in accordance with the pre-arranged scheme, as soon as I heard the drawing-room door closed on our visitor I took a chair and a bamboo-stick and, successfully gaffing the masterpiece, hastened towards my study with it. Unhappily, before I could get there, the drawing-room door opened again. Without a doubt, Elmira's aunt intended to be shown round the flat, and since my study is opposite the drawing-room there was nothing to be done but to take refuge in the kitchen. As Fate would have it, this was, of course, the very room which Elmira's aunt immediately wished to inspect. Perhaps she wanted to look at the colander—I know there is a colander because I have paid for it, but I have never yet been allowed to see it at its work; or it may have been the nutmeg-grater—I am told we have a very beautiful nutmeg-grater. Anyhow, before they came in I bolted with a cry of alarm into the larder and slammed the door. Then I realised that I was trapped again, for there is no bolt on the inside of the larder door. It would have been absurd for the master of the house to be discovered weltering amongst the remains of the cold mutton, clasping the representation of a Biblical crisis under one arm. So I crawled with some difficulty through the larder window on to the roof—ours is the highest flat in the buildings—and dragged the seascape after me.

It is a great pity that people should go and leave unnecessary nails sticking out of window-casements and that it is not someone's business to keep the slates of London roofs clean. I made my way, however, with a little trouble, to the sky-light over the landing and dropped down opposite our front door.

I was just going to let myself in when I heard voices on the other side. Apparently Elmira's aunt was just going to leave. I felt that she must have been disappointed at not seeing her picture, but it was too late to bother about that now—at any rate, she had not seen it over the geyser. The one thing to do was to escape, and, since our lift is temporarily disabled, I ran downstairs into the street—it was the only way. Several people looked at me rather curiously when I got on to the pavement, and I suppose it is a little unusual for an English gentleman to take the air in a rather grimy condition with no hat on and a large rent in his trousers, and carrying a bamboo stick in one hand and a large picture of a devotional nature in the other. I did not see the joke myself. To avoid ostentation I summoned a taxi-cab. "Where to?" shouted the man at the wheel, and I said, rather recklessly perhaps, "The Royal Academy." When we were about half-way there I decided that the coast must be clear, and told the man to turn round and go back. Still rather unmanned, but feeling considerably relieved, I let myself into the flat and immediately came face to face with Elmira and her aunt.

"Oh, you've got it!" said Elmira (I married Elmira partly for her quick intuitions), clasping her hands and positively beaming. "I was just telling Auntie that we broke the glass of her beautiful picture while we were trying to hang it in the drawing-room this morning, and that I had sent you off to get it mended at once."

If you stay at our flat you will probably notice the picture of JONAH and the Whale while you take your morning tub; it imparts an air of salt water. It is placed just over the geyser, and on the wall opposite I have hung a bamboo walking-stick.

"The daily round, the common task."

"Marriage Licence £2; Special about £30."
Letts's Diary.

This comes under the general heading of "Daily Wants Dictionary." Some people are always drifting into habits.

Record Foot-Wear.

"His Honour Judge Gent, at the Launceston County Court, delivered judgment in the case of Ashton v. Cann, concerning the alleged purchase of defendant's sock for £2,000."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

"Dr. Waldie was a native of Linlithgow, and the anniversary of his birth occurs this year."
Scotsman.

There is always something remarkable about a Scotchman.

THE TORTURE.

[“And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.”
—*Atalanta in Calydon.*]

Is there Até for the drunkard?
Is there sorrow for the fool?
Is it dreadful to be bunkered?
Is there pain when love grows cool?
Ah, but hope more surely withers,
Pleasure dies and joys are o'er
When I've failed to tell old Smithers
(Best of chaps, but how he blithers!)
That I've heard the little story that
he wants to tell before.

Mere politeness starts the error;
He dislikes to think it stale;
Ah, but the unholy terror
On my lying lips and pale
As he turns on me his glances!
How I tremble in my joints
As the anecdote advances,
As I fail to seize the chances
Of the proper mode of laughter for
the prefatory points!

Will he tell it as my father
Told it me when I was young?
Will he use the version rather
That the poet CHAUCER sung?
Thoughts like these begin to harrow
As he quarries that antique
Shaft of humour like an arrow
From an early English barrow
While the perspiration oozes and
comes trickling down my cheek.

Yea, and what if some suspicion
Cross his mind before the end?
What if by some thought-transmission
He should find me out? O friend,
You who read the subtle novels
Of the school of HENRY JAMES,
You can guess the imp that grovels
Darkly in my cranial hovels
As the jest winds slowly seawards to
the full-mouthed roar it claims.

Ay, and if the end completed
All the anguish, all the pain;
If those moments tense and heated
Passed, and I might breathe again;
No, for sometimes mid the thunder
Of my mirth the man recalls
How he split his sides asunder
Whilst I sat in wan-cheeked wonder
When we heard that joke last Christ-
mas cracked upon the music-
halls. EVOE.

From a letter in *The Standard* :—

"Sir,—Never at any time noted amongst nations for good manners, I find on my return from abroad after an absence of ten years that English manners are now utterly a thing of the past."

The writer is too diffident about himself. We happen to know that Holland was charmed with his behaviour.

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

THERE was no possible mistake about it. "Billiard-room"—those were the words; and as a billiard-room was a *sine qua non*, and the rest of the description of the house seemed satisfactory and its situation was agreeable, I chartered a car at enormous expense—no one can call tenpence a mile anything but enormous expense—and hurried away with an "order to view."

It was not a bad house. The agent's printed words and the edifice cannot be said exactly to have run in double harness; but it was not a bad house. I don't say I should myself have called it precisely "old world," but then I am rather fastidious about epithets; and it was obvious that if one of the alleged seven bedrooms was used as a dressing-room the number of the bedrooms would be reduced to six; that is to say, the house possessed either seven bed-rooms and no dressing-room, or a dressing-room and six bedrooms, but under no conditions seven bedrooms as well as a dressing-room, as the specification would have you think. Still, it was not a bad house.

Having seen all over it I asked the "caretaker on premises" if I might now look at the billiard-room.

"Billiard-room?" she said vaguely.

I showed her the agent's list, with the smiling announcement in black-and-white.

She read it, but was still nonplussed. At last a light broke in. "Oh, yes," she said, "I suppose they mean the attic;" and she again led the way upstairs to a point on the top landing beneath a trap-door in the ceiling.

"They mean that," she said. "Would you like to go up? There's a ladder close by."

I declined. A half-size bagatelle-board might conceivably be insinuated through this trap and erected on the unstable floor; but nothing bigger or heavier; and as for light . . .

This—and many similar experiences—make it necessary to address to the house-agency profession (or is it craft?) the following epistle:—

DEAR SIRs,—May I draw your attention to an old aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy"? Not that I think you exactly dishonest—that is perhaps too strong a term for deviations from accuracy which are prompted, I am convinced, by no more culpable motives than the desire to see properties change hands, house-hunters satisfied, and yourselves the recipients of commission. None the less, there are only two things: truth and that which is not truth; and you might just as well pin your faith to truth as to the other



"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FEET."

"IF YOU WERE ANYTHING OF A MAN YOU'D BE STANDING ON THEM YOURSELF."

fellow. For consider how short a run your untruth has. It is discovered almost instantly.

I suppose that to suggest that you should yourselves see all the houses on your lists is to become impractical. I feel sure I shall be told so. Let that point then go. But since you cannot conduct your business thoroughly and are content to recommend pigs in pokes, in defiance of sound commercial principles, may I implore you to take such a simple precaution as to ask the owners of the houses on your books for measurements? That surely would be easy and save many fruitless journeys on the part of house-hunters.

The other day one of your fraternity sent me into the country to a distant spot to see a "Grange." Will it be believed that when I reached it I found a semi-detached villa? And this after I had given a full account of the kind of isolated dwelling I desired!

But enough. You are for the most part amiable gentlemen and I like to watch you. And no doubt when one is, so to speak, not a real business man at all but a commender of other people's wares and a dependent upon commission, one gets into florid habits of persuasive speech. All the same, I am convinced you would lose nothing in the long run if you occasionally saw a house for yourselves and if you always aimed at a frugal accuracy in describing them.

"The manager . . . has been sent on a tour of the European countries to collect specialities and luxuries of cuisine in each country [for the new Hamburg-American liner]. Sweden will be represented by Stockholm's speciality hors d'œuvres, Russia by caviare and bosch (soups)."—*Daily News and Leader*.

Caviare is, of course, a clear soup. You should see P. W. W. and the other young tigers of *The Daily News* renewing their youth on it!



OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Good-natured Sportsman (on receiving a cup of tea). "WELL, CHEER-0, EVERYBODY!"

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

[“At the Zoological Gardens the axolotl, a large newt living entirely in water, has been induced to change into an amblystoma, a typical land-animal.”—*The Times*.]

“You’re merely idiotic, with your talk of special diet—As if a dish of dragon-fly would serve to keep me quiet! It’s anger, Sir—an anger I am powerless to bottle. Which ruins my digestion,” quoth the pallid axolotl.

“Come, frankly, Mr. Keeper, Sir—explain to me, what *is* it That makes me pine in solitude for days without a visit? While, if a stranger does appear, immediately the brute Hurries away, remarking, ‘Ugh! A creepy-crawly newt!’”

“Er,” said the keeper thoughtfully, “—er—well, the public taste In matters zoological is shockingly debased, And so——” “You can’t imagine that your superficial rot’ll Impose upon,” the other said, “a clever axolotl?”

“No; let me own the horrid truth: though very lithe and active, The sad conviction dogs me that I cannot be attractive! Now if I were an elephant, a kangaroo, or someone——” “Why, then your course is plain enough,” the keeper said; “become one!”

“Become one, axolotl dear! Imagine the sensation! *The Times* will print a paragraph about your transformation! If in making a selection I can be of any use, you Have only got to mention it. Now do let me induce you!

“The lion is a noble beast, the panther is unpleasant, The monkey—no, the monkey-house is over-full at present; The skunk is reckoned fetching, though a rather strong aroma——”

“Eureka!” cried the happy newt, “I’ll be—an amblystoma!”

“Good!” said the keeper, skilfully dissembling his amaze: “You couldn’t choose a better if you thought of it for days! An ambly . . . that’s the very thing to suit the Gardens nicely!”

You’ll work the trick, I think you said—at *what* o’clock precisely?”

“Good Sir,” replied the other, “pray consider the unfitness Of (so to speak) disrobing in the presence of a witness! As soon as you have disappeared the process will be started.

Hence, hence, away, immodest man!” The keeper then departed.

Forthwith the gallant newt began some complicated movements

Essential to “extensive alterations and improvements,” Till finally, relapsing in a state of placid coma, He slept—an axolotl; and awoke—an amblystoma!

DECANUS.

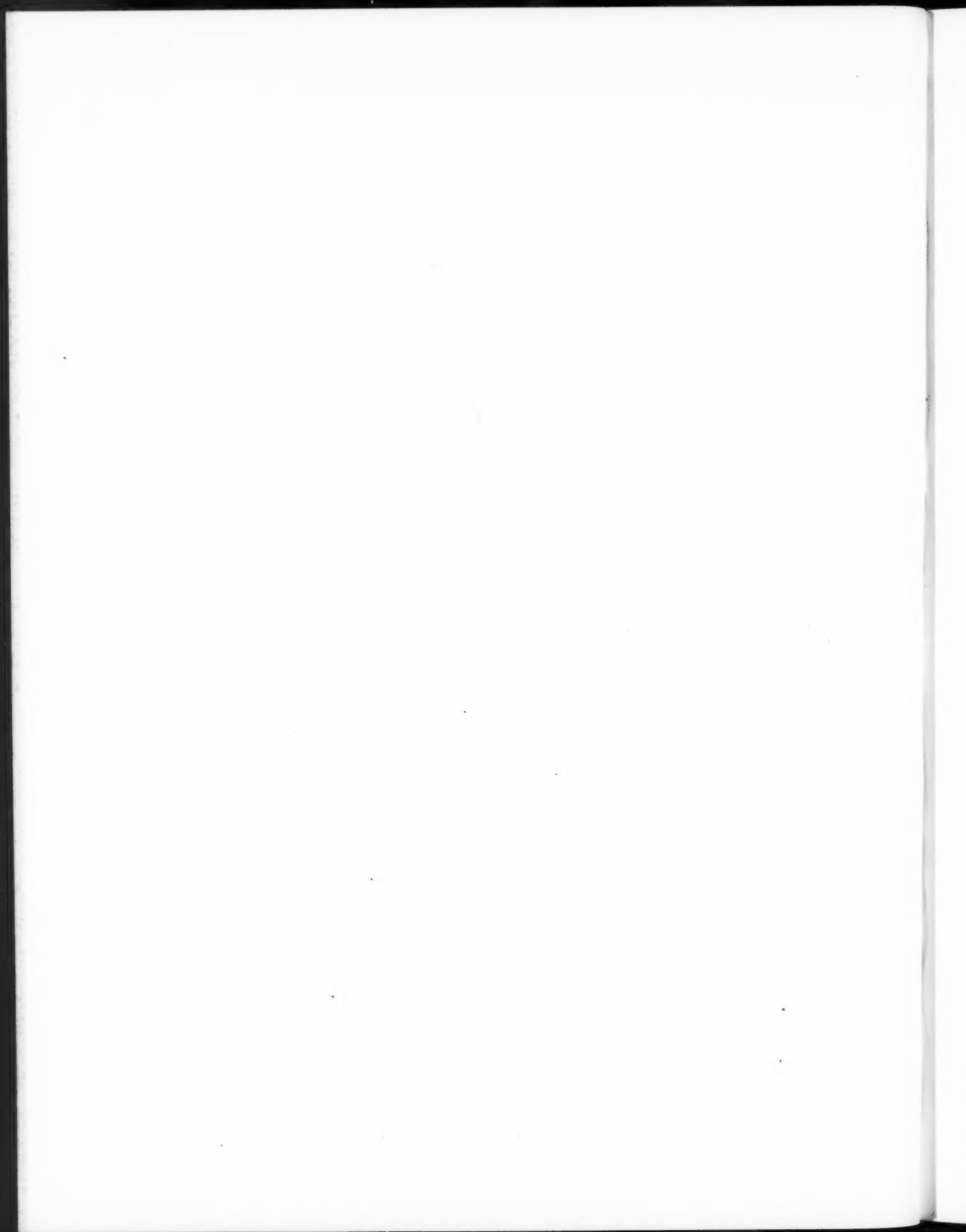
Scylla and Charybdis.

“Dean Inge in an interview yesterday said that no stone would be left unturned to stop the scheme for a tramway beneath St. Paul’s.” *Daily Sketch*.

The DEAN’s threat strikes at the very foundations of the cathedral.



WHO'S AFRAID?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



TIM HEALY, while HAYES-FISHER was speaking, "took a census."

House of Commons, Monday, January 6.—As the 15th of January approaches, bringing fulfilment of promise of 5d. for 4d. through operation of Insurance Act, Questions designed to hamper accomplishment of the beneficent work fall off in number. To-day there was, by exception, remarkable recrudescence. Probably a final foray, it beat the record. Of eighty-six Questions on paper the first thirty-one were addressed to FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY. Each presented a more or less cleverly constructed conundrum suggesting difficulties in working the Act. The number was increased by ten, MASTERMAN, Ready as usual to take on fresh work, answering for CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to whom they were addressed. This made forty-one Questions, nearly one-half of the whole replied to by a single Minister.

Statement only partially represents the case. With few exceptions each of the Questions was a congeries of interrogation. Thus whilst they numbered up to forty-one they actually presented ninety separate and distinct enquiries, each calling for detailed reply. Nor is this all. Ministerial answer was invariably followed by crowd of Supplementary Questions. The minimum was two; the average three; sometimes the number ran up to six. Taking the average as three we

have 123 supplementing what may be called the mother questions, bringing up the total to 213.

Purists in Parliamentary procedure might be disposed to describe this as disorderly debate, outraging fundamental principle upon which the practice of seeking useful information from Ministers is based. Not at all. It is the latest development of the Question-hour. If some score of Members who, in obedience to Standing Order, have given notice of their Questions and duly placed them on the Paper, find the list closed by time limit before their names are called on, it is their misfortune. They should either ask Supplementary Questions or give private notice to a Minister of intention to cross-examine him on a particular point. By this last device they would gain the privilege of reading their Question aloud, a delight denied to the commonplace Member who subjects himself to the spirit and the letter of the Standing Order governing the Question-hour.

Business done.—Clause 13 of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill added in Committee. Long debate left undetermined the crucial question, "What is a layman?"

Tuesday.—Read sometimes in the papers of the silver market going "up" or "down" so many points. Don't know why it should do either,

or indeed why it shouldn't. Equal mystery broods over recently born absorbing passion of RUPERT GWYNNE, known in smoking-room conversation as "Silver-Market" GWYNNE. To-day he rose ten points—I mean ten times—with searching inquiry about that purchase of silver (or was it a sale?) on account of Indian Government. India Office, in reply to questions with which they have been bombarded during last couple of months, state that by clever management the City firm entrusted with the business outwitted group of market operators and saved the Treasury £100,000. "Silver-Market" GWYNNE, whose intimacy with intricacies of the trade is extensive and peculiar, knows better.

Hence severe catechism to which from time to time he subjects representative of India Office. Of late has eased off a little. Sometimes whole week passes without our hearing from him. Then, as to-day, he starts afresh. Ever in the same unimpassioned manner, the same monotonous tone, and withal the same unmistakable air of conveying to House impression that if he were to tell all he knew he would make its flesh creep and its hair uprise in affright.

By accident there are two Members seated in close proximity below Gangway, each bubbling with possession of secret information, both restrained by fetters of Parliamentary procedure from

telling all they know. How different is their manner of comporting themselves! "Silver - Market" GWYNNE, standing by Front Bench, from corner seat of which COUSIN HUGH is periodically evicted, is depressed with secret knowledge of dark doings in the City. MR. GINNELL, rising from second bench behind him, is ebullient with information that makes mystery of robbery of Crown Jewels from Dublin Castle clear as noon-day. Whilst one, putting his question, remains impassive, looking as if a silver florin wouldn't melt in his mouth, the other is almost blatant in desire to impart his private information. On Monday he started at a gallop, resolved to make a complete exposure. Commenced to cite a list of names of noble lords and others alleged to be implicated, when SPEAKER hastily interposed and he was compelled to resume his seat.

Up again a moment later, prepared to go on fresh tack. Has invented and developed improved system of putting Supplementary Questions. Others trust to inspiration and spur of moment; MR. GINNELL brings down with him Supplementary Questions more or less illegibly written out on scraps of paper, which sometimes get mixed up, with hopeless result. Proposed to read one of these, but SPEAKER called on Member next in order on Question Paper, and, before MR. GINNELL knew where he was, House was led off on quite another line. So he perforce remained seated, studying with puzzled countenance his perverse memoranda.

Business done.—In Committee on Home Rule Bill. Amendment carried by overwhelming majority embodying principle of proportional representation in new Irish Parliament. But, though sound of division bell brings in a crowd, desolate appearance of benches while debate goes forward remains. TIM HEALY, most constant in attendance, confided to House that while HAYES-FISHER was speaking he "took a census." He found there were present twenty-one Liberals, fifteen Tories, and seventeen Nationalists; total fifty-three. This interesting return accurately represents measure of interest displayed in Bill, for discussing Report Stage of which an allotment of seven days is denounced as shamefully inadequate.

Friday—Should a red herring be expected to touch the point? Question arises upon remark interpolated by

SCOTT DICKSON in debate on Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. ROCH arguing that it is easy to distinguish between a churchman and a member of a nonconformist body, SCOTT DICKSON testified that there would be great difficulty in Scotland in distinguishing between a U. F. Churchman and a Free Churchman.

This knocked ROCH over; but only for a moment.

"I will not," he said, recovering his breath, "follow the right honourable gentleman into the realm of Scottish metaphysics or Scottish ecclesiasticism. I feel the difficulty that, whereas the short but practical English Catechism begins by asking what is your name, the Scottish Catechism starts with the



SECRET INFORMATION TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP.
MR. GINNELL (Crown Jewels) and MR. GWYNNE (Silver Market).

puzzler, "What is the ultimate end of man?"

"That," promptly retorted SCOTT DICKSON, "is a very good red herring. But it does not touch the point."

Complimentary allusion to quality of an opponent's fish was in good taste, maintaining high level of courtesy in Parliamentary debate. But it leaves undetermined the problem whether a red herring, good, bad or indifferent, may reasonably be expected to "touch the point." If answer be in the affirmative, it would be interesting to know what consequences may be expected to follow upon impact.

Business done.—Week wound up with Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill still in Committee. Ministerial majority steadily maintained at or about six score, being something like twenty above normal.

MOTTO FOR UNIONISTS.—*Foi et Lot!*

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM SOLVED.

In consequence of the success attending the new style of advertisement for domestic help, MR. PUNCH begs to announce that he has opened a column on similar lines. Harassed mistresses will do well to adjust their old-fashioned ideas to modern requirements, for, as the subjoined specimens show, it is by alluring and attractive advertisement only that the heart of the independent domestic can be reached.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK.—Age and salary to suit applicant. Outings, day a week, week-end month, every Sunday. Mistress good-tempered and short-sighted. Master deaf and easy-going. Neighbourhood noted for handsome policemen. Followers winked at in kitchen. Gramophone in scullery. Lib. perks; no cap. Good time guaranteed.—Apply, MRS. BATEHAM, Whitelands, Park View, New Dulwich.

NURSE - HOUSEMAID.—3 children, 2 could be disposed of during day. Well-trained baby. Vacuum flask for night bottle. Luxurious nursery. White pram, smart uniform provided. Choice of walks, no questions asked. Novelettes not objected to.—Apply, The Nest, Meadows Road, Brondesbury.

PARLOURMAID.—£35. Sobriety and cleanliness not essential. Outings by request. Family entertain at restaurants. Spare time for blouse making and hat trimming guaranteed daily. Frequent gifts from Mistress's smart wardrobe. Servant's hall overlooks street. Young superior tradesmen call daily. Use of piano and bicycle. Free ticket for Cinema twice a week. No cold meat.—Apply, The Oasis, Fitzwilliam Hill, Hampstead.

GENERAL.—Conf. home. Wages £42. No tax, no stairs, no windows, no children, no coals, no washing. Daughters willingly undertake heavy work. Servants' relatives welcomed and entertained in kitchen. Fancy-work encouraged. Early riser preferred, but not essential. No cap, no flues; feather bed.—Apply, Mrs. HORE, The Moorings, Winchmore Hill.

Intensive Culture in the East.

"They are nipping in the bud the seeds, which they are endeavouring to sow in the interest of the upheaval of Indian women on the lines of modern European civilisation."

Allahabad Leader.

FIDO.

LAST week the idea came to me in a bright moment to call upon Suzanne and make her an offer of marriage, and as it was four in the afternoon I decided to put on my best suit and commence immediately. Ushered into her mother's drawing-room, I found her alone on the sofa holding in her lap what appeared at first sight to be a piece of disused hearthrug.

"Hullo, James, dear old thing," she said, "come and be introduced to Marmaduke."

I advanced and poked the object with some idea of discovering its nature.

It gave vent to a horrible squeal, and I sprang back in alarm.

"My goodness," I said, "the thing's alive."

"Of course it is. What did you expect?"

I approached again and looked at it closely.

"But what is it?" I asked.

"Why, it's a dog, of course."

"A dog!"

"Yes, a dog. What did you think it was?"

"I thought it was a pen-wiper."

Suzanne pouted.

"You're a very fine dog, aren't you?" she said, addressing the insect.

"Good old Fido," I said.

"His name isn't Fido," said Suzanne.

"It's Marmaduke."

"Oh! What makes you think that?"

"Why, bless the man," she exclaimed,

"I call him Marmaduke, so he is Marmaduke, isn't he?"

"No," I said, "he isn't. I always call dogs Fido; and I see no reason now to abandon the custom, so I shall continue to speak of him as Fido."

Suzanne made a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, well, ring for tea anyway," she said.

I had got the best of the argument, and I rejoiced about it at the time, but I am inclined to think that a little diplomacy would perhaps have been wiser.

I had not however called upon Suzanne that afternoon for the sole purpose of putting her right in the matter of her dog's name. I had a more delicate feat to perform, and, while wearing an air of easy nonchalance and touchingly lightly on the topics of the day, I deftly approached the question which lay so near my heart.

With the advent of tea I began to skirmish about the bush.

I helped myself to a fair-sized muffin. It is a good thing to have something substantial to hold on to in a crisis.

"You may have noticed, my dear Suzanne," I began, "that I have been



Mother. "LUCKY BOY, GERALD. UNCLE CHARLES SAYS HE'S GOING TO TAKE YOU TO DRURY LANE AGAIN THIS YEAR. WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK VERY PLEASED."

Gerald. "OH, IT'S VERY KIND OF UNCLE AND ALL THAT, BUT ON THESE OCCASIONS HE ALWAYS BEHAVES JUST LIKE A KID."

paying you what I may describe as marked attentions for no little time."

I took a bite of muffin and gazed at her over the top of it to observe the effect of my words.

"I come round here on fine afternoons," I pursued, "when I might be working. I take you to dances and for your sake endure sleepless nights—and—sleepy days. I give you boxes of chocolates in season and out of season. In short, I would appear to be decidedly . . . *épris* . . . if you know the word . . ."

"Of course I know the word," she interrupted. "Why, I believe you learnt it from me."

"Possibly," I said. "But that is beside the point. The point is why—why do I do all this?"

"Goodness knows."
"I will tell you. It is because I am, in fact . . . *épris*."

Suzanne, overcome with sweet modest blushes, gazed with downcast eyes at Fido curled up in her lap, and vouchsafed no reply.

"And yet," I continued, "neither your father nor your mother has made bold to ask me my intentions. Rather singular, isn't it?"

I took another bite of muffin.

"I might, without exaggeration, say very singular."

"In their absence," said Suzanne, "I must apologise for them. They are both a little forgetful."

"That may be," I replied with dignity, "but it remains to be said that most men would have taken advantage of this and gone off and been lost altogether. However," I added, "I am made of different stuff or cast in a different mould—I forget which—and I have come here to-day to make a voluntary declaration."

"You overwhelm me!" exclaimed Suzanne.

"I ought perhaps to tell you that this is not at all the sort of marriage I expected to contract when I started out in life. I thought then that I should probably wed a society beauty and have my photograph in *The Tatler* . . . but somehow you have crept into my heart—or whatever the technical expression is—and . . . and, in short, I . . . love you."

At this critical point in my declaration Suzanne, shaken no doubt by a very natural emotion, spilt some hot tea on to Fido. It was, of course, a pure accident, but the little beast worked itself up into a fearful state about it, squealing in a more horrible manner than before.

She caught it up in her arms, kissing it and begging to be forgiven.

"My poor darling! Was it scalded, then?"

It was too much.

"Come, come," I said, "you really must leave your toys alone now and attend to me. Let us put Fido away in the cupboard."

Suzanne stood up, panting with indignation. Then she gnashed her little teeth. I became alarmed. It seemed as if no language would occur to her mind sufficiently frightful to meet the situation.

I felt somehow at the time that it was not a propitious moment for my proposal, but I had put my hand to the plough, and I am of the race that, having done this, never lets go.

"Joking apart," I said, "I love you, and I want you to be my wife."

There was a long, a very long pause. You could have heard a pin drop. (But I have observed that in real life pins rarely fall at such times.)

"My wife," I repeated. "Think of that."

Suzanne gazed at me in solemn silence. She was, to all appearances, thinking of it. Then she kissed Fido.

"You may have the refusal of me for seven days," I added. "An option."

She re-seated herself, and spoke at last with great deliberation.

"Marmaduke and I," she said, "take

the very earliest opportunity of declining your kind offer."

I could hardly believe my ears. A lifelong confidence in those features was rudely shaken.

"But surely," I cried, "surely you love me?"

Suzanne looked me straight in the face, with an expression of perfect candour in her big blue eyes.

"Yes, James," she said, "I do. I will not conceal the fact. I love you deeply."

"Then why," I exclaimed, "why this diffidence? It is due to some girlish whim."

"No, James," she replied, "it is the mature decision of a woman ripe in years and wisdom."

I could not understand her attitude. It is a matter of common knowledge that Suzanne is only nineteen.

"I need a second muffin," I said. "This unlooked-for development finds me unprepared."

With tears in her eyes she handed me the muffin dish.

"Now," I said, "if you love me what is the impediment to our marriage? I know of no family feud. Can it be Eugenics? Is it that I am a confirmed muffin-eater?"

She shook her head.

"It is because you do not really love me," she said.

I gasped. I could think of no adequate reply. I had so obviously been in love with her for weeks.

"Will you kindly explain?" I said at last with a sort of calm resignation.

"How shall I begin?" she asked.

"Begin with a few introductory bars," I said patiently, "and then announce the principal theme *con amore* on the wood-wind."

"Well," she said, "you know the old saw or adage that goes, 'Love me, love my dog'?"

I felt misgivings.

"Yes. Well?"

"Do you love Marmaduke? Assuredly not. Then how can you love me?"

I felt competent to deal with the difficulty. I can depart from the truth as gracefully as most men when the occasion demands it.

"Indeed," I said impressively, "I have the greatest affection for Fido."

"How do you show it? You come in here this afternoon and greet him with a heartless prod. You wilfully mistake him for a pen-wiper. Subsequently you propose putting him away in the cupboard, and, worst of all, you insist on calling him Fido when you know his name is Marmaduke."

I saw that the evidence was strongly against me. I tried another line of defence.

"After all," I said, "what are proverbs? Wise men make them and F-F-Fido repeats them."

Suzanne raised her eyebrows.

"Marmaduke, I presume you mean?"

At this moment the door opened and a lady visitor came in.

"Back at last," she said; "and thanks so much, dear, for looking after my darling pet."

Suzanne introduced me.

"Is that your dog?" I asked. "Such a nice affectionate little thing. And what do you call it?"

"Topsy."

LOCAL INFLUENCE.

ENVIRONMENT, not man-made laws, is Public Virtue's primal cause.

This is a truth we may apply To London's many motor-bi.

You've never seen the virtuous Apparent in the motor-bus?

Then go to Whitehall and behold The monsters being as good as gold,

And note how cautious, quiet and slow A nicely mannered bus can go;

Not only one, but one and all, It is a sight to see them crawl—

Bi, which in any other place Go at a most appalling pace.

Why is it then that Whitehall should Inspire the bad and make them good?

This Whitehall, which, a month ago, Was where they used to carry on

As nowhere else? What influence Promotes this new-born innocence?

Myself, I like herein to see A *locus penitentie*.

(Or, spoken in the modern way, A *locus penitentie*.)

Let not the cynic say, "Mayhap, This Whitehall has become a trap."

Gems of Style.

"Kings, presidents and cabinets are but pawns in the great international game of bluff, yet the winning card is seldom played." —*The Torn Card*, by William le Queux, in *The Story-Teller*.

Hitting wildly to leg at a fault from his adversary's mashie he scored a well-deserved goal.

Our South American Supplement.

"He: 'I wonder how it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man.'"

She: "Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

The fruit trees in general are similarly affected, light yields being the rule. The prices are well sustained.

A heavy fine is to be imposed on any defaulter to the agreement, the proceeds of which are to be given to the fund raised on behalf of the newspaper vendors in this city.

The list of prize-winners was as follows:—
Buenos Aires Herald.

• THE FULL STOP.



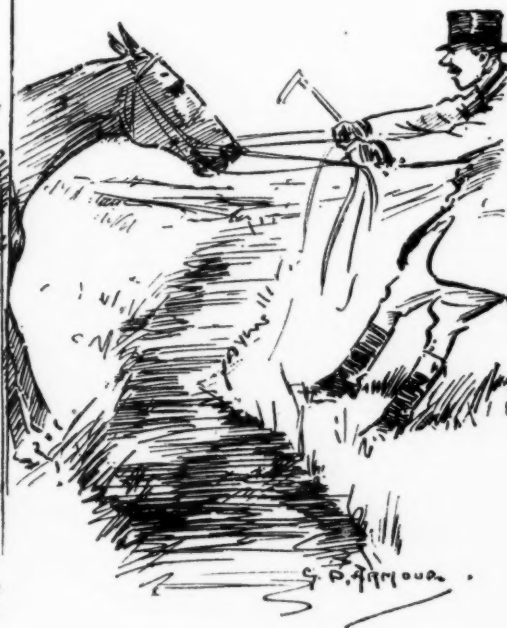
? THE NOTE OF INTERROGATION



! EXCLAMATION

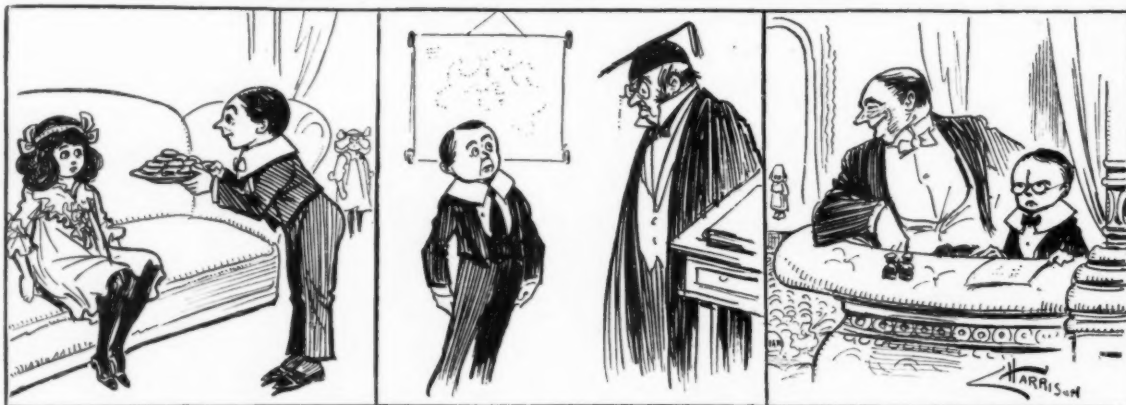


- THE HYPHEN.



THE LITTLE BLACK MARKS THAT MEAN SO MUCH.

AFTER THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION.



"I CAN CORDIALLY RECOMMEND THESE CAKES, MISS GLADYS; THEY ARE MADE WITH A LIBERAL PERCENTAGE OF ALBUMEN."

"I'M AFRAID, SIR, I SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR SCHOOL. THE SUBSOIL I FIND IS CLAY—SO CONDUCTIVE TO RHEUMATISM."

"YES, FATHER, THE PANTOMIME'S AMUSING ENOUGH, BUT THIS HEATED ATMOSPHERE IS NO DOUBT IMPREGNATED WITH BACTERIA."

THE ROMANCE OF A BILL OF COSTS.

It has lately been my good fortune to be enabled to study an old bill of costs sent in to their client by Messrs. Ginnyfee, Ritter and Server, formerly (and still, for aught I know) a well-known and highly-respected firm of solicitors. Set out, as it is, in the unadorned but convincing style of a lawyers' document it has a certain homely eloquence of its own and reveals qualities which have made some Englishmen what they are.

The hero, if I may so term him, of the story appears to have leased a little house at a rent which he cheerfully neglected to pay. There are no circumlocutions about the beginning of the narrative, no investigations into obscure matters of heredity and early history. It plunges head-first into the thick of things in the following fashion:—

"18—, July-August. Costs of obtaining judgment against Mr. T. F. Hartupp for possession of 33, Culverwell Gardens and for £70 5s. 0d. arrears of rent due 8th July, 18—, in the action of yourself *v.* Hartupp, as assessed against Mr. Hartupp by Master Wackerley on 21st August, 18—, £8 10s."

That sounds conclusive, and "yourself" no doubt thought that the matter was settled and his cheque in the post.

The resources of civilisation, however, were far from being exhausted. They had scarcely been tapped, as the following items show:—

"Upon receipt of your letter, instructing us to receive possession if no payment made and no reasonable proposition put forward, writing acknowledging same."

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when he said he expected to see his client and would communicate with us."

"Attending him later, when he asked us to postpone appointment to 4 P.M. as he had not yet seen Mr. Hartupp."

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when he said no proposal could be made at present and possession would be given up."

This again has all the outward semblance of a triumph—but where was the money, the much-desired but elusive cheque for £70 5s. 0d. and costs?

I omit some trifling matters in order that I may carry the story forward swiftly to its next stage:—

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, informing him

that we should proceed to enforce judgment unless matter dealt with at once."

"Writing him to same effect and threatening proceedings in Bankruptcy."

With the mention of this smashing and portentous word Mr. Hartupp ought to have been defeated, but he wasn't:—

"Attending by appointment to serve Mr. Hartupp with Bankruptcy Notice at his solicitor's office, when he did not attend; but his solicitor stated he would inform him that unless he called by following day at 12 o'clock noon we should apply for an order for substituted service."

"Attending to serve Bankruptcy Notice at Mr. Hartupp's solicitor's office, when Mr. Hartupp did not keep appointment."

The business now lingered about the purlieus of the Bankruptcy Court for a good many days. Instructions for the petition were given, it was drawn, it was engrossed, and there was an item of one shilling "Paid Parchment." During all this time Mr. Hartupp was described as "keeping out of the way." This, indeed, seems to have been his favourite fighting method:—

"Upon receipt of letter from Mr. Hartupp's solicitor that he had asked his client to attend at his offices at 12 o'clock to be served, attending at solicitor's offices accordingly, when he stated that his client had not arrived and asked us to call again at 2 o'clock."

"Attending again at 2 o'clock to serve petition, when Mr. Hartupp did not come."

By this time we had passed from July into December and the end was not yet in sight. There were again dark rumours of what is called "substituted service," on the ground that Mr. Hartupp was still keeping out of the way and could not be served personally. A "joint and several affidavit" was drawn, a Commissioner was paid the paltry sum of 3s. 6d., and a shilling was charged for "copy order for sealing to serve folios three." Finally Mr. Hartupp seems to have relented. Feeling that he had done enough for the time, he brings his wife into the story:—

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when, on behalf of Mrs. Hartupp, he paid £50 on the terms of our agreeing to the dismissal of the petition against Mr. Hartupp, and allowing two months' further time for payment of balance of debt and costs."

I wonder what happened when the two months were up.



Archie (meeting friend). "HULLO, THOMPSON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I OWN to a most pleasant feeling of friendliness for the stories of Mr. THOMAS COBB. In any case, his latest, *A Marriage of Inconvenience* (MILLS AND BOON), would have enlisted my sympathies by its attractive title. Those familiar with the author's methods will hardly require to be told what it is all about. Nothing really, or at least nothing that mightn't happen to any of us. But as usual we are introduced to a set of quite delightful people, who sit about in each other's houses (and they all live in the jolliest parts of London) and discuss their slender intrigues over lunch or tea in a manner that I have found exceedingly agreeable. I fancy that Mr. COBB has (if I may put it so without offence) a strong feeling for the place that food fills in social intercourse: I hardly remember a story of his that has not a meal of some kind in almost every chapter. And there is no writer who is more generous with conversation; so much so that now and again I have not been able to resist the suspicion that the characters were chattering less to further their own development than to help Mr. COBB to fill out another novel. Anyhow, *A Marriage of Inconvenience* is just as pleasant as all its predecessors. You can see from the name that she marries him in the end; and the inconvenience of the match (chiefly objected to by his party because her mother was such an impossible person that for a long time I thought there was going to turn out to be no real relationship between them) seems unlikely to be very overwhelming. Indeed on the last page the happy pair are left with both a luncheon and a dinner-party in prospect. So that's all right.

I am in a position now to understand the feelings of the Hired Murderer in the fairy stories, who repents at the last moment and refuses to slay the Child. Ever since I read in a daily paper one of the silliest column-articles I had ever encountered, I had been, so to speak, lying in wait for Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. I said to myself: "Mark me, a time will come. Some day I shall have to review a novel by this fellow. Then I will let myself go." Sure enough, along came *St. Quin* (ALSTON RIVERS). I smiled grimly, reached down my club, and gave it a twirl. A moment later it had dropped from my grasp, and I was wondering how I could have entertained for a moment the idea of maltreating this fascinating little stranger. From now onward, Mr. CALTHROP has my permission to write what he pleases in the daily papers, if only he will keep his novels up to this standard. In *St. Quin* he has hit on a fundamental truth, to wit, that the great majority of human beings are struggling all their lives to keep from getting fat. To some of us bodily fat is the bogey. *Edmund St. Quin* was troubled by a horror of the fatness of the soul. "We are fat," he says. "That is it. We are hideously fat. We are so fat that we cannot see the stars or the daisies;" and the story is an epic of his campaign against the insidious curse. All the conditions are against him. He is rich; he has centuries of it-isn't-done traditions to prevent his taking spiritual Swedish exercise; a thousand forces are at work to urge him to lie back in his arm-chair and put his feet up. But his love of Romance is too strong for all of them. He breaks away, and finds his salvation, at last, in company with the wife whom he has always considered a very queen and leader of the it-isn't-done army, but who, unknown to him, has all the time been taking soul-exercise as thoroughly as he himself.

Mrs. ANDREW LANG has an ingratiating habit of assuming in the reader all manner of knowledge which it is quite possible (and in one case quite certain) the reader does not possess. There is indeed about *Men, Women and Minxes* (LONGMANS) an awesome air of long familiarity with odd volumes and MSS. and crumpled faded letters, and the pleasantly discursive papers range from "Pitfalls for Collectors," the most engaging summary of a Frenchman's history of famous fakes, to "The Fairedild Family," an interest in which not even the author's genial desecration of those sad old bones can create in my bored and stubborn breast. I liked best to read of an eighteenth-century Scotchwoman, a MURE of Caldwell, writing of an earlier generation: "The booksellers' shoppes were not stuffed as they now are with novels and magazines." It is indeed because of the inordinate increase of every sort of such stuffing that a quiet, pleasantly learned and leisurely volume like Mrs. LANG's brings such relief. She gossips of Madame DE GENLIS—"everyone is acquainted with the main facts of this strange woman's career"; of PAUL DE ST. VICTOR; of Lady LOUISA STUART, granddaughter of Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU; of the Buckinghamshire VERNEYS; of RICHARDSON's *Pamela* and *Clarissa*; of ROUSSEAU's *Nouvelle Héloïse*; of DE FRENILLY's recollections of a life in troubled times; of Scotch and American ladies of an earlier day; and even, by way of justifying her title, of "French and English Minxes." I rise from the perusal feeling, for the moment, gratifyingly erudite and old-fashioned, and can commend the experience.

If you were a titled and more or less confirmed bachelor, the owner of three tumbledown castles and a corresponding number of hungry acres that ate up all the rents, and if you preferred hunting to work, what would you do to replenish the exchequer—your own, I mean, not the CHANCELLOR'S? The friends of Lord Peter, the hero of Miss R. RAMSAY's book, *The Impossible She* (CONSTABLE), thought that he, in like case, ought to marry money, and with that end in view they let one of the castles—useful pieces sometimes when you want to mate—to a beautiful young American heiress. But, though she put hot-water pipes into the draughty old rooms and passages, neither they, nor her charms, nor her dollars were able to raise the temperature of Peter's heart. He left her at home with the cold comfort of the hot-water pipes while he hunted and hulled and had many a rattling day with a poor relation of hers, a little slip of a girl with her hair down her back, who knew how to ride. And even then, for Peter was a backward sort of a lover, it is only

after burning down the castle, like the ancient Chinese when they wanted bacon for breakfast, that Miss RAMSAY is able to bring him up to the scratch by flinging the flapper into his arms. I need hardly say that in the end she turned out to be anything but a poor relation, though how Miss RAMSAY manages to make her a Dollar Princess I will leave the reader to find out for himself. I could wish that she had not introduced into her story the decadent American youth who only escaped the electric chair by being shut up for a time in an asylum. The type doesn't seem to me to fit in with the kind of writing in which she excels—pleasant descriptions of the hunting-field with a seasoning of ordinary English love-making.



AT THE TATE GALLERY.

Dutiful Nephew (doing the sights of London for the benefit of his aunt from the country). "THIS IS THE FAMOUS 'MISOTAUR' BY WATTS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Aunt. "WELL, IT'S A SHORT-HORN, WHATEVER ELSE IT MAY BE!"

I have finished *The Cahusac Mystery* (HEINEMANN) with the feeling that my leg has been pulled. Readers' legs were made, no doubt, for that purpose, but I think that mine has been rather hardly used on this occasion. Here is a regular, downright murder mystery, nerve-racking, brain-twisting, disquieting and soothing in due course, but to the student of the subtleties of human motives neither here nor there; sufficient maybe to keep him out of bed till he has unravelled the last tangled skein and brought the villain to book, but nevertheless all my eye and Betty Martin. The villain and his puppets, though they work harmoniously to produce a plot which, mechanically speaking, leaves nothing to be desired, have little in common with the people of this world. So far as they are concerned, it depends on the reader's own astuteness and experience of six-shilling crime and intrigue whether or not he is deceived. But there are also the innocent blue-eyed *Alice Lanceley* and *Lorrie Madesson*. Though the latter is a glorious creature, an expert hand at the game of life, and worth a dozen of *Alice*, it is *Alice* upon whom the misunderstood hero dotes and whom the villain gets into his clutches. At the end, when *Alice* is freed from her engagement to the villain, the hero, now thoroughly understood and appreciated as such, is still doting upon her. Does he then marry the girl? or, rather, does the girl marry him? No; she pulls my leg instead, and *Lorrie* aids and abets. I am taken entirely by surprise when two human beings emerge from this atmosphere of unreality and do two very human things. To K. and H. HESKETH PRICHARD my thanks for an artful enough melodrama and one genuine touch of life.

"The Peterborough Isolation Hospital is again threatened with complete isolation."—*Daily Mirror*.
Well, what does it want?